

NO. 14
DEC.-JAN.

IND.



12

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...



HERBIE

The **FAT FURY**
WILL FRACTURE
YOU! Read...
'GANGWAY
for the **THREE**
MUSKETEERS!!
...and HOWL!



Designed
Laboratory

"GANGWAY for the THREE MUSKETEERS!"

STORY: EXAMINE
ART: CHECKED
DATE: 10/10/74

[illegible]

Age Group	Total	Male	Female	Male	Female
18-24	100	100	100	100	100
25-34	100	100	100	100	100
35-44	100	100	100	100	100
45-54	100	100	100	100	100
55-64	100	100	100	100	100
65+	100	100	100	100	100



EASY DAD... OTHER PARENTS HAVE HAD IT EVEN HARDER! LET'S INSPECT THE FOLLOWING CASE, TAKEN OUT OF... UM... REAL LIFE! IN THE YEAR 1926, THERE WAS BORN TO MR. AND MRS. WELLINGTON BOMP A... CHILD!

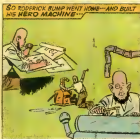


WELL, RODERICK MAY NOT HAVE BEEN EXACTLY GOOD-LOOKING, BUT ONE THING WAS SURE-- HE HAD THE MAKING OF A BOMB!



THE YEARS PASSED, NOW RODERICK WAS A YOUNG MAN-- BUT HE HADN'T CHANGED A BIT...



















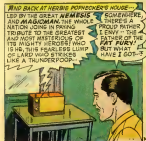








MARSHMALLOW STICKY VILLAIN STUCK.





HERE'S HERBIE!



Three minutes silence, fans, in tribute to a great character. Who? Who else? *Herbie Poppecker. Fat Furry. Plump Lump. Kind. Sweet type. Gentle. Handsome, too. Not to mention lousy with sensational adventures* even make Sphinx giggle. Proof? Refer you to Academy Of Comic Book Fans And Collectors, just announced results of The 1964 Alley Awards Poll. First Place, Most Humorous Comics Book—who got it? Don't have to ask. "Herbie", that's who. And couldn't have gone to finer character, got to admit. Voluntary, too. Didn't even have to threaten to hop members of Academy with This Here Lollipop. But in event that they feel neglected, will gladly do so—will even use Hard-To-Get-Cinnamon. Another item much interest... remember when readers first met me? It was back in "Forbidden Worlds", before great fame made jockey editor give me own book. Well, guess who was awarded First Place, Best Regularly-Published Fantasy Comic. That's right—"Forbidden Worlds".

Now proceed to show you why am big fat award-getter, if don't already know. Cut doxy eye over issue. "Gangway For The Three Musketeers". Enough laughs for you? Roar till belly hurts? Otherwise, will wish you had teeth back. "Herbie Class Is Coming To Town"—you deserve stuff this good! Roars, giggles, chuckles—you entitled to so many? But I'm charitable type, love everybody, so go ahead, enjoy. And while you're enjoying, keep in mind that next issue coming up is Number 15, February, on best newsstands middle December. Buy. Don't dare miss. Better you stay in one place. That piece will have wonderful time reading "Call Me Schlemiel" and I just dare you to. Also dare you not to write me about how you liked stories in this issue. Why groan in hospital when you can just drop letter to "Herbie", 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Might even get letter printed, like following.

* Dear Herbie:

I like your magazine very much. My sister (she's 15) thinks you are crazy. In the No. 9, April-May issue, in "Only Robin Hood Can Help You, Herbie", page ten, panel 4, Herbie gives Robin Hood his pants. But then, on page eleven, panel 1, he has pants. How come?

—Lowery Sherwalsbury,

1221 Larchmont, Bluefield, West Va."

Sister smart girl, Lowery. Am crazy. Crazy like fat fox. About pants situation—you got more than one pair, right? So what am I—underprivileged?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

I have just finished reading (and enjoying) "Lookit All The Herbies" in "Herbie" No. 9, but even though it was a fabulous story, I did manage to find one mistake. It is clearly understood that the "Automatic Initiator" created four Herbies. (Simply wonderful!) I came to this conclusion by noticing that the largest amount of Herbies ever shown at one time was four—not including yourself, of course. How come, then, when you are leaving home, you are followed by five Herbies? Despite the fact that this was a mistake, it really thrilled me to see six of you at one time. Since this was such a rare treat, I don't think you should be too harsh on the editor. By the way—crazy about "Only Robin Hood Can Help You, Herbie!"

—Ted Stephens,

8121 N. 31st Avenue, Phoenix, Ariz."

No problem, Ted. Can't have too many Herbies, always say. That's why won't be too harsh on editor. Twist his arm a little is all. And maybe break both legs. Fun, way be yells. Doesn't like legs broken.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

"Lookit All The Herbies" was great! So was "Only Robin Hood Can Help You, Herbie". I am looking forward to more Fat Furry stories like that great one called "Make Way For The Fat Furry". In my school paper, "The Severville News", I have written two articles in the past eleven issues on you, Herbie. My readers can look forward to many more in the future. Since all of the "Herbies" have been great, it is hard to pick out my best issue. But certain people have been talking bad about you. When I mention you to them, they tell me to shut up. But actually, most of my friends like you. It would tickle me pink to see you in home movies. Why don't you make some? I would also like to see a "Herbie" annual. I missed one issue, No.

3, and would pay up to 50 cents for it. Please have many millions of 'Herbies' in the future!

—Eddie Smith,

100 South Tanner, Charlotte 8, N.C."

Many "Fat Furry" stories scheduled for future, Eddie, and all great, of course. Make sure plenty articles about me go into school paper—it will get famous that way. So certain people have been talking bad about me, huh? Admire their courage so much as willing to pay rent of hospitalization. War considering going into movies, but why ruin things for Gregory Peck?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

I think you're a spy, because you look more like a Red Chinese slob than an American slob. So I dare you to come to my house (and your whole Chinese army) and have it out with me. I've read all your issues, even when you didn't have your own comic, and have found them very funny. Usually the best part of the comic is 'Herr's Herbie'. But one thing I want to know is how much does the editor give you for writing your true-life biographies? P.S.: I signed up with Manual of Omaha before I wrote this letter!

—John Cox,

559 Burgess Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind."

Deny being Red Chinese slob. Am fine, fat American slob from word go. About request to have it out with you, you're evidently crazy in think-tank. Will fight you only if psychiatric marches for you. For information, best part of this comic is everything in it and editor pays me plenty . . . afraid not to. Advice to you sign up with several more insurance companies, then write me again.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

I think your comic is the greatest! You are my favorite hero. I have read all of your issues except No. 1, so please—don't hop me! I have read your issues over and over again. You deserve a solid gold trophy. P.S.: Please don't hop me!

—David Abney,

3178 Blair Street, Columbus, Ga."

Not even just a little hop, David? Half-a-hop, like?

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

I have gone all over the big, fat world,

but I have not yet come across a barber like yours. Please tell me where to find him! And while you're at it, please hop my pop with a Hard-To-Get Cinnamon Pop on account he don't dig us 'Herbie' fans much. Thanks!

—Big Fat 250-pound Ed Altman,

341 East 19th St., Brooklyn 26, N.Y."

Barber my own personal barber, Big Fat Ed Altman. Refuse to lend him out. Further, refuse to hop your pop unless he applies personally. However, you sound like good kid, but little meanie. In my book, 250 pounds is Living Skeleton.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:

We really go for your swell comic here in Berkeley. The whole gang (me and some of the girls) all rush down to our favorite newsstand whenever you come our way. One question: Are your parents always so mean to you? Do you know they are? Don't you care, or are you very dense? Tolerantly yours,

—Douglas Casperian,

1943 b Berryman, Berkeley, Calif."

You girl or boy, Douglas? Doubtless at end of name throw me. Anyway, got tough handwriting . . . hope I got your address straight. Parents plenty mean to me because they're so crazy about me on account of I'm real dense. Fat dense, Handwrite dense. Shall we dense?

* * *

"Dear Editor:

In your last issue of 'Herbie' I just about died laughing. All I can say is, keep Herbie up in the air! What I mean by that is, I think you should have the Flamp Lamp Fat Furry in more of your editions! The last thing I'm going to say is that I think you should start up a Herbie Fan Club. For one thing, I'd surely join! So keep the plunger on Herbie's head—and the mamest thing of all is, keep up the great work!

—G. A. K.,

Kiss Film Co., Los Angeles, Calif."

Lucky you didn't give your full name, G.A.K. Writing to cartoonist Editor . . . enough to make men see red. You write, you write to me, see? Think fat. Write fat. Going now slick place in Editor. Will you hear a mee ureem.

DON'T LOOK NOW, RE-PEGS... BUT CHRISTMAS IS COMING! YOU BETH GOOD JOES ALL YEART IF SO, THERE'S AN EXTRA-SPECIAL GIFT WAITING FOR YOU! IT'S...

GOOD OLD FATSO in "HERBIE CLAUS IS COMING to TOWN!"

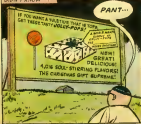
STORY: CHANE
JONES
CLAUSS
—
—
—
ART: BARTLEY
CLAUSS

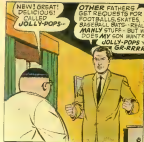


IT'S THIS TIME OF YEAR THAT BRINGS ALL
THOSE WONDERFUL DREAMS—



...AND IT LOOKS AS IF HERBIE'S CAUGHT THE
FEVER, TOO! WHAT DOES HE WANT—AS IF YOU
DIDN'T KNOW—?







...AND THE MAIN
FEATURES OF ASHURIAN
ARCHITECTURE
INCLUDE -



SO HERBIE DETERMINED TO USE HIS POWERS
TO ADD HIM SCENES OF NEWS AS IT WAS
HAPPENING. HERE'S PROFESSOR FLAPPING,
HIS NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBOR, PREPARING
TO GO FOR A WALK -



...AND IF I FAIL TO
KEEP MY CAMPAIGN
PLEDGES, MAY
LIGHTNING
STRIKE ME!



THEN HERBIE DECIDED TO TUNE IN ON SOME
MORE DISTANT NEWS -



EVERYBODY KNOWS
SANTA CLAUS RIDES
TONIGHT. SEE IF
THERE'S ANYTHING
INTERESTING
HAPPENING -

YOU'RE NOT RIDIN' TONIGHT, SANTA!
THE WAY WE'VE FIGURED IT IF THE KIDS
DON'T GET THEIR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,
THEY'RE GOING TO GET UP A BIG
HOWL -



AND FOLKS WOULD PAY
ANYTHING TO GET THE PRESENTS
TO GIVE THEM! WELL, THEY'RE
GONNA HAF TA PAY US, SEE?

I'M ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS
OF STARDY PLAN--GET ONLY
EXCLUSIVES ON MY PERSONAL
TV. UP TO ME TO RESCUE
SANTA CLAUSE.

CLICK!

WINTER--GET
THESE FASTER
ON SKATES.

LOOK--

IT'S--

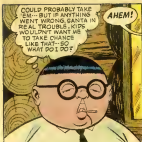
...HERBIE!

FAST
TRIP.

NORTH
POLE

SANTA'S
WORKSHOP

GOT HERE
JUST IN
TIME.





WELL, THOSE HIGH-VITAMIN POPS WERE LOADED. THEY COULD DO WONDERS WHEN IT CAME TO GROWING...



COME ON! LET'S GET THEM FELLAS WHO HUNG US ON THE TREE!

HEY!! FORGOT TO GET ME DOWN.



THANKS... I GOT BOYFRIENDS LIKE HANDSOME PLUMP TYPE-1

THWONK! THWONK!



WOMEN!



DID GOOP NOW COME WITH ME... GOT MORE WORK FOR YOU.



HUP! HUP! HUP!



IT WAS A CLINCH-- WE G-GIVE UP!

SANTA'S WORKSHOP



BUT INSIDE—MORE TROUBLE!









